

The Millheim Journal.

VOL. LVI.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1882.

NO 16.

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I WONDER WHY.
I meet with people here and there
Who walk through life with muffled tread;
And when you say, "The day is fair,"
They softly sigh and shake their head.
The bright and gracious summer sky,
In wide blue arch is o'er them bow'd,
And yet they shake their head and sigh,
And point you out a tiny cloud.
Why do they shake their head and sigh
And view that speck of all the sky?
I wonder why?

And when young lovers bill and coo,
And play at being man and wife,
And talk of all the things they'll do
In yonder lovely sweep of life,
It seems to them so sad a fact
Young folks should draw such giddy breath.
They beg acceptance of a tract
On Early Calls and Sudden Death.
When happy hearts are beating high,
Why do they tell them they must die?
I wonder why?

And when the children shout at play,
Or peals of laughter break their chat,
Why do they grimly smile and say,
"Ah, yes! you'll soon be cured of that."
Wise heads will come another day,
And boys are boys, and still will be;
So laugh, young people, while you may—
Ere long you'll know the world like me.
Why is it wise to smile and sigh,
And hold your gambic to your eye?
I wonder why?

TWENTY POUNDS STERLING.

There never was such a man to bet as Staining. He was always so sure he was right. Our mutual friend Maxwell ought to have set sail for Brazil, but I felt confident I had seen him in the street, but Staining said it was nonsense, and he bet £20 to 1s I was wrong. He had hardly finished speaking when Maxwell came in. Staining pulled out of his pocket a £20 note and handed it to me.

"There you are, old fellow. 'A fool and his money,' etc. Another illustration of that wise adage."
"Not exactly; for you don't expect I shall take your money?"
"Yes, I do; and shall be extremely annoyed if you refuse."

I protested, but presently he said in considerable irritation:
"Then be my almoner, and give the money away in charity."

He left presently, and, as there are objections to standing in the public highways with a bank note in your hand and a puzzled expression on your face, the note was transferred to my pocket, and I went on my way wondering, when I was met full tilt by a clergyman whom I knew.

"Hello!" he cried. "Mr. Smith, you and I seem to have our minds so much occupied that we cannot take care of our bodies."

"No grave matter of mine," I said; "but you look sad. Nothing wrong with you and yours?"

"No thank you; but I have just quitted a depressing scene. A young couple, married in haste, have come to grief. The wife and child are ill. Relatives and friends have receded into the remote background. And, worse than all, the husband—"

"Has become intemperate or has gone mad."

"Neither one nor the other."

"Something worse?"

"Yes; for to be dishonest is worse than going mad. And it is such a mere trifle that is needed apparently, to put all straight, that I groan at my inability to find it."

"What's wanted?"

"Well, it's only £20."

"There's the money you require. Haste away, and do all the good you can with it."

My friend looked astonished. He even hesitated a moment.

"It is very good of you," he said, nervously. "But really—"

"I have the power to give this away. Good-by. And I hurried off. Then I hastened back to him.

"May I request that you will on no account mention my name?"

"As you wish it, I won't; but you should know the objects of your bounty."

And he told me. Then we parted. I had only gone a dozen yards when there passed me a young man with a flushed face and a frightened, anxious look in his eyes. He caught up to my friend and spoke to him.

"That is the man," I said to myself. "Those proceedings have been very dubious, and who will, I trust, be rescued by Staining's £20. Well, if the wheel should turn, and this poor man should ever be in a position to deliver a fellow creature from such trouble as he himself is now in, by the surrender of £20, I wonder whether he'll do it! Smith, you surely know human nature well enough to answer your own foolish question. Not he—not a bit of it."

This incident was soon swept from my mind by a sudden call to go abroad, even to the place where Maxwell did not go—Brazil. Nothing hampered me then; I was a young bachelor, and could start for the antipodes at two days' notice. When I take my wife and children—I forget the number—for our autumnal trip, in these later years of my life, I require weeks' preparation.

Away, then, to Brazil; away to new life, new companions, new hopes and fears; away to fortune and the yellow fever! Here occurs in my tale an interval of twenty years (my story deals in twentys). I doubt whether I should have come back had not a young English lady one night sung in my hearing an old home ballad, so well remembered in connection with some loved ones who in this world will sing no more, that a

craving for my native land mastered me at once, and in a very short time I was on my return home.

On the way I had one night a frightful dream. I fancied a terrible enemy had me down and clutched my throat. Tighter grew his grasp and fainter my breath. My staring eyes scanned every feature of my murderer. Slowly and painfully did I call to mind the face above me. I passed an outburst for mercy.

"Give it to me; I want it; I must have it instantly!" was the hoarse reply.

"What—what can he mean?"

"What!" he shrieked, in maniacal frenzy. "My £20."

I had quite forgotten about the bet and £20; but the dream set me thinking of what rumors I had heard respecting Staining since I left England—that his money had wasted, he had fallen in position and even into poverty.

"Poor fellow!" I thought, "there may be something in that dream. If his pride will accept it he shall have that money back, and very glad I shall be to restore it."

Back in England, I settled down in the old country. Main matters disposed of, I began to think of minor ones, and among the latter the discovery of Staining. He was not in his former haunts, and I failed so long to find him that I was beginning to despair, when one night I met him in the street.

The brilliant light of the ball-room may increase the lustre of a woman's eyes, but if you want to see a broken-down man in his worst aspect, survey him standing disconsolately under a street lamp, a drizzling rain descending upon him, and he with folded arms presenting a picture of mute despair. So did I behold Staining. I put my hand upon his shoulder. He sprang from me as though I were a wild beast.

"I did not want to run away," he said, hoarsely; "they knew that. Go on; I'll walk quietly enough. Why—what—can be—"

"Yes, it is Smith, your old companion. Come out of this and confide in me. If you are in trouble and money can help you, you shall not want." And I took his arm and we went together.

And then I heard poor Staining's confession, and it amounted to this: When he had wasted his money, he obtained a situation in a merchant's office. The pay was sufficient to keep him; but even now nothing could restrain him from betting on horse-racing. As a consequence he was soon penniless, and worse—dishonest. He had paid a betting debt out of a £20 note which had been entrusted to him. Discovery had ensued, and though the luckless man had explained that it was only through a failure of another member of the virtuous fraternity he could not replace the money at once, he had been discharged and had reason to suppose he would be prosecuted.

"Many, many thanks," replied the poor fellow to my offer. "You can see the firm in the morning; but I doubt whether they will take the money. I believe they are bent on my ruin."

Early next morning I was at the office of Blendon, Baydon & Co., and having stated my errand, I proffered my £20. Mr. Baydon was a sleek old gentleman. There was an air of wealth and ease all over him. He bowed complacently and said:

"I can appreciate your kindness to this poor man, and I myself would pass the matter over at once, but my partner takes a different view, and I cannot interfere."

"Can I see Mr. Blendon?"

"Yes, if you will call again in two hours." In the cab I kept muttering to myself, Blendon, and Robert Blendon, too. I am sure of it. Still, if it be so, it is very strange. I think I should know that face again. We shall see who will be master."

Back to Messrs. Blendon, Baydon & Co.'s office, and then in the presence of Mr. Blendon. All my anxiety for my poor friend faded away. I was master of the situation. I stated my desire to pay the amount of Staining's defalcation, and my hope that under the extenuating circumstances no publicity would be given to the wrong doing.

Mr. Blendon heard me with some impatience, and before replying drew a check to myself or bearer for £100. Having given it to the clerk, he said to me:

"You will excuse my answering somewhat shortly. It cannot be. It is not the money we care about, but we must vindicate the law."

I declared I was pleased at the grandiose style of his speech. How beautifully he was working into my net! I suggested that in a case like this there was no imperative call to such a course, and that forbearance might be shown.

"I do not see it," answered Mr. Blendon. "You do not appear, sir, to observe the immense importance of punishing a delinquency of this kind. I cannot take your money. If I were to let this man off I would be ashamed of myself. I have just overcome some foolish hesitation of my partner. I am always firm myself." (Not always, Mr. Blendon—not when I last saw you. But wait a bit. A little further into my net, please.) And, therefore, however sorry I may be,

sir, I must say no. If I were myself to commit an act of this kind, and—"

Why did he stop! I bowed quietly, and arising said:

"You are quite right, Mr. Blendon, for dishonesty is a terrible thing, and while not for a moment pressing my request, I know you will forgive my calling to remembrance a curious case known to myself. Some twenty years ago a poor young couple, not long married, had fallen into poverty. The wife and infant were ill; the husband was distracted; he must get money. When his young wife and infant child were almost starving what was to be done? The money was obtained—Mr. Blendon, you know how. But in what way was it repaid before mischief came, and how was the husband saved from ruin and degradation—saved to become a rich and respected merchant? Whose money saved him? That you do not know, but I will tell you. The £20 note which rescued the husband, rested only ten minutes before in the pocket of this very Staining whom you are about to prosecute. Then Staining was as rich as you are now; but he was a kind, Christian man. Mr. Blendon, I have a right to ask you to what character do you lay claim?"

I have often thought, since, what admirable advantages are a clear head and a calm temper. I had worked myself up to a white heat. It was only when he first saw my drift that my listener manifested any strong emotion. Then he rose from his chair with flushed face; but he resumed his seat, and by the time I had finished he was almost as calm as when I entered. There was a slight pause, and then he said:

"You have acquired some knowledge of an incident in my life which I am not called upon to discuss. Is this knowledge confined to yourself?"

"I believe it to be confined to myself and my informant, and I have no desire it should be otherwise."

Mr. Blendon bowed.

"I will not conceal that I shall be glad if this goes no further, and on that footing I will say that your friend shall be freely absolved, and I will even aid him if I can. You must excuse my taking your £20. I am obliged to you for coming. Good morning."

I felt as I left him that the enemy had well covered his retreat, and had not left me a morsel of triumph more than he could help. But my object was accomplished, and I hastened to meet Staining. He was at the appointed place, so I went to his lodgings. The landlady told me he had come in early and gone to his room—not well, she thought. She and I went up together and knocked more than once. Then I went in. Poor Staining lay upon the bed—dead. His emblemed frame had not been able to endure the recent wear and tear, and he was now beyond the reach of his follies and troubles.

An English Wedding.

In the early part of March at the parish church, St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, England, was celebrated the marriage of Mr. Frederick Mackerness, son of the Lord Bishop of Oxford, with Miss Amy Chermiside, daughter of the late Rev. Seymour Chermiside, rector of Wilton, Wilts. The wedding party assembled at the church by half-past 11 o'clock, when the bride arrived, and was received at the church door by six bridesmaids. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Christopher Harrison his best man. The bride's dress was of cream-colored satin. The long square train was draped to the waist, and the back of the basque bodice looped up and trimmed with the blonde. The front of the skirt was en tablier, with box-pleats from the waist to within twelve inches of the ground; here about six inches were filled with bouillonnés, finished with a pleated flounce. The high bodice was trimmed square with the blonde, and a garland of bridal flowers placed on the left side, and had elbow sleeves. She wore a wreath of orange blossoms and myrtle covered by a veil of spotted Brussels lace, bordered all round with Spanish blonde, and fastened to her hair by pearl pins and carried a bouquet of white flowers. Her ornaments included a gold pendant set with pearls and diamonds. The bridesmaids were attired alike in fine pearl gray cashmere, trimmed with amethyst Lyons velvet and chenille fringe. The skirts were arranged on tablier with rows of chenille fringe, alternated with bouillonnés of cashmere and revers of amethyst velvet. The bodices, pointed and gathered in front, were finished with ruffles lined with velvet, and straps of the velvet across the bust and on the sleeves, which were gathered and finished with gauntlets lined with velvet. They wore gray chip hats à la mousquetaire, the brims lined with amethyst velvet, and two gray ostrich feathers tipped with amethyst, gray gloves and hose, and amethyst velvet shoes. Each carried a basket of gilt work, lined with amethyst satin merveilleux, and trimmed with the new cream mousquetaire lace and ribbons, a novelty suggested by Mrs. Alfred Morrison, the bride's sister. They were filled with natural flowers. The ceremony was performed by the father of the bridegroom, and the bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. H. Walter, of Papplewick Hall. The service was choral, and after the wedding party proceeded to Mrs. Chermiside's residence in Collingham Place, South Kensington, for breakfast.

The Tall Vine-Dresser.

"I've heard tell of some animal that climbed a tree to feed upon the leaves, and when the last leaf was eaten, tumbled down and broke its neck. That's just how it'll be with you, I expect."

So spoke old Michael Bros to Claude. Finding himself strong enough to work, Claude fell to it with a will, and his strength increased with every day's work he did, till in a few years he was able not only to help his father, but to show himself the stronger of the two.

"You undutiful boy," laughed old Bros one day, as he threw down his spade quite tired out, while Claude was still working away as if he would never leave off. "Aren't you ashamed to get ahead of your father in this way?"

"I'll do more than that before I'm through, daddy," chuckled Claude, shoveling away like a giant.

And so he did; for his size kept pace with his strength, and he soon shot up into a perfect giant. Tall as Michael himself was, his son overtopped him by a full head; and the village folk saw with amazement the puny little weakling, whom they used to pity, standing before them a huge brawny fellow seven feet high, with a face as brown as a nut, and an arm that could have felled an ox.

But instead of using his strength to bully his neighbors and knock down any one who offended him, he was the most friendly, good-tempered man alive. Did a horse fall down, or a cart stuck fast in the mud, or a man find his bundle too heavy for him, Claude's great broad shoulders and strong arms were always ready to set matters to rights; and a saying went abroad among the country people, "Claude Bros is as good as he's big."

Claude started to the city on one occasion with a cart. He had a long journey, but got to the end at last, and was almost within sight of the place when he passed a church, and saw through the open door a crowd of people at the service.

Now one of the things which Claude had learned from his father was never to be ashamed of saying his prayers anywhere, no matter how he might be laughed at. So he pulled up his cart, went in, and knelt down with the rest; but he was so tall that, even when he was kneeling, his head rose far above the crowd.

Now it happened the King of France himself, Louis XIV., was in the church at the time, and when he saw this great black head towering above all the rest, he thought this must be some rude fellow standing up while the others were kneeling on purpose to affront him. So he got very angry, and told one of his officers to go and make that man kneel down at once.

Away went the officer, and came back presently with his eyes very wide open.

"Your majesty," said he, "the man is kneeling; but he's such a giant that he looks just as if he were standing, all the same."

The king was quite astonished, and almost thought the officer must be making fun of him; but he only said:—"Well, bring him to me as soon as the service is over."

So, when the people were beginning to come out of church, our friend Claude felt a tap on his arm, and saw a richly-dressed man beside him, who said that the king wished to speak to him. The king praised his deportment, and finding out he had a particular wine called Macon wine, told him to send him a supply for his table. So Claude made not only his own fortune, but that of all his neighbors; for from that day the "Macon wine" was famous throughout France.

And if you ever travel through Macon you will be pretty sure to hear the story of "Big Claude" and his vineyard, which the peasants still tell their children, to show what a man can do for himself by honest hard work.

Verbosely.

Young newspaper reporters and writers usually have a good deal of overflow—some of them so much that they seem to think the main object of writing is to fill up space. They make a paragraph out of a squib, and a page out of an item. The New Haven Register, thus caricatures one green hand:

Young Fitznoodle had just entered journalistic life, and is going to "cut a swath." He believes in putting in a good deal of "color" in his items, and prides himself on his work. He sharpened a couple of pencils at both ends, this morning, and began:

"We regret to inform our readers that the estimable Miss Jones, of Jonesboro, daughter of Congressman Jones, and grand-daughter of the well-known founder of the village of Jonesboro, has met with a fearful accident."

"As she was driving along the boulevard at the speed of the wind, the horse a half-brother of Maud S., and full sister of St. Julien, became suddenly startled by the uprising of a covey of partridges, which are unusually numerous in that section this season, and promise a great deal of fun for the sportsmen when the law is off—and as they circled the frightened steed tore down the avenue like mad, until stopped by the gallant hand of Officer 71, of the Ninth Ward."

"Her injuries were a contusion of the ankle, which did not amount to a fracture; and the unfortunate girl was carried home to her grief-stricken parents and sympathizing friends."

The city editor, at this point, was anxious for copy, and glancing it over rapidly, crumpled it in his hand, remarking:

"Fitzzy, you have piled up the words, haven't you. You've given all your fancy painted. Good boy! But remember, this department is the domain of fact." He then scribbled:

"The daughter of Congressman Jones was run away with by a spirited horse, on the avenue, yesterday afternoon. Injuries nominal."

Strawberries in Winter.

Hot-house strawberries have been sold in New York for many years, but the business never attained any importance, owing to the uncertainty of the crop and the enormous price at which they were valued. This year the hot-house strawberries sold in December and the first few days in January at seven dollars a quart, and it is no unusual thing for eight or nine dollars to be paid. The supply and the demand are extremely limited, however, not more than a few quarts a week being disposed of. Early in January begins the Florida trade, which sprang up in 1877 and has been gradually increasing. Last year one firm which does most of the wholesale business of this kind brought 40,000 quarts to the city. The berries are grown in the open air all along the St. John's river, and are sent when nearly ripe to Jacksonville, where they are packed in huge refrigerators on wheels with alternate compartments for ice and strawberries. The strawberries are in transit four days, and the ice in the refrigerators has to be renewed three times during the journey. A special messenger travels with each car-load of fruit in order to insure great care in handling and the replenishing of ice, and the fruit is in very fair condition when it arrives. The first berries which arrived in January were sold wholesale at \$3 a quart. The price begins declining as they arrive in greater quantities, until at present it is twenty-cents to \$1 a quart at wholesale and about \$1.25 at retail. The neighborhood of Jacksonville, Fla., promises to become New York's winter garden. Besides an increasing crop of strawberries every year, large quantities of tomatoes are now received, packed in precisely the same way. Green peas in pod are also becoming a staple article of trade, \$20 a barrel being asked for them.

Stories of Windham.

Windham County occupies the north-east corner of Connecticut, and holds the frontier along Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Its bouquet of towns comprises Thompson, Woodstock, Ashford, Eastford, Pomfret, Putnam, Chaplin, Hampton, Brooklyn, Killingly, Windham, Scotland, Canterbury, Plainfield, Sterling, Plainville. These form a cluster of polygons and trapeziums that gore each other with sharp hill and rocky ridge, whose rivers wash the face of the lands and fill scores of industrial channels.

Its history dates from 1676, when a few whites tried its wilderness with various results. About 1650 an Englishman had been driven away from Quinbaug by the threat of "being buried alive unless he departed." It was not until 1685 that a more successful venture was made by a small band who pushed out from the Roxbury Colony. This colony was accounted to be of the best material that came from England.

It was a time following the civil war in England, when Royalists and Puritans together sought to mend their fortunes in a new land. Miss Larned's History of this County has preserved in good proportion those quaint and homely incidents—sometimes comic, sometimes tragic—which best represent the drama of life. She tells how people going to church lost their ways in the woods; that a gang of counterfeiters is found about 1756; that Melitab Morris is sentenced to pay £10 or be whipped ten stripes upon her naked body, and Paul Davenport is fined twenty shillings for riding from Providence to Canterbury on the Sabbath day. Again we stumble on a "blue law," and a man is whipped in Ashford for neglecting to go to Church for a space of three months. Such stern regimen was too much for some of the early settlers, and suicides cast their swinging shadows over the land and the parsons are called out to "pray with the corpse."

Indians, wolves, and rattlesnakes, were as matters of course opposed to the new settlement of Windham, and were banded together against the colonists, making almost equal trouble with Separatists, Baptists and Quakers.

The naturalist will be interested to learn that the last bear, confessedly a harmless old fellow, and friendly to the English, was shot about 1780. Rattlesnakes were to spare, and had headquarters on Killingly Hill. Joseph Leavens felling a tree is bitten by a rattlesnake. He cuts off the bitten thumb, then despatches the snake, and is thereafter called by the Indians "Old One Thumb."

A wolf-bill is allowed to John Bartholomew, and Woodstock enacts that every inhabitant capable of voting should bring in twenty-four blackbirds' heads to the town treasury before Michaelmas, on penalty of a penny a head for the number lacking. On one page we meet a team of four oxen and four horses, unequally yoked together, and taking to the Boston load of deer skins, beaver and other furs.

In setting accounts with the natives, we learn that Governor Edmund Andros considered "an Indians' deed worth no more than the scratch of a bear's paw."

Dating from 1740, the Separate movement, and the half-way covenant in the churches, sent waves of troublesome

disension through the country. Even Yale College reached its long arm out into Canterbury, and "disciplined" two innocent Freshmen, who had attended in vacation the Separate meeting in that town.

In those days the clergy were the governors supported by special land tax, and pewter and horses were taken for their revenue.

We read that "old Andrew Robinson, when in Windham, town, one day had his horse taken from under him for priest tax."

We find the Apostle Elliot and Samson Occum, the Indian convert, on a visit to the colony, and there is a record in 1725 of an old Indian, Aquitacus, (Aquitamang), whose name the scholastic Puritans dignified with a Roman ending, and who lived to be 114, or, as the Indians estimated, 123 years old. He was on the committee of reception when the first English came to Boston, and recalled the town when it had but one cellar begun, and that near the Common.

Town meetings were opened with prayer, and on the election of deputies a sermon was delivered in the meeting house by one of the standing clergy.

Canterbury tells of expenses for "keeping" Sibbel Blank and "dipping" her sundry things, also for "salivating" sundry persons."

We find little Chaplin enacting "that seven hours should constitute a day's work."

As late as 1818 Pomfret is put down for a marvel in high breeding. A visitor declares the Pomfret assemblies to be elegant and distinctive, and "that the dress and demeanor of Miss Ann Hall would have done credit in any court in Europe."

Pepy's diary is not more full of ingenious disclosures, marking the manners and eccentricities of the times. Those being the days of "flip" and "cordial," a respectable citizen of Windham is carried home dead drunk, and his wife "thanks God that he is not a blood relation." We read of widows with six children, hewing the rough ways of fortune, for themselves and little ones. At one time, within a near radius in Pomfret, thirty three children are sprouting up in three families, while Deacon Fisk, of Killingly, becomes the father at once of four female infants, whose names are suggested by the epithets that greeted their advent. ("Wonderful, Admirable, Remarkable, Strange!") Miss Larned's first volume appeared in 1874, the second and last was published not long since, and brings the record down complete to 1880.

A Palefaced Lad.

When Bijah came out from the corridor he found a humble-looking, pale-faced lad of fifteen crowded in behind the stove. The old man glared at him for a moment, and then demanded:

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Gittin' warm."

"How many times have I said this was no place for boys?"

"I dunno."

"Well, I do. I've said so a hundred times. An innocent boy has no moral right around a Station Court."

"Who's innocent?" protested the lad.

"You are."

"I ain't, either? I'm just as wicked as you are, if you are bald-headed!"

"Boy, don't you sass me! When I say that hanging around a court-room, and seeing and hearing the vice and misery and wickedness of human nature hardens a boy's heart, I know what I'm talking about."

"Then why don't it hurt you?"

"It does! I'm gittin' so all-fired ugly that I can't hardly live with myself. I used to be big hearted and charitable, and kind and loving, but now I'm as cantankerous as 't all."

"I guess I can stay and see 'em sent up," growled the boy, as he got a resting place for his back.

"Are you going?"

"Not."

Bijah laid down his broom, removed his coat and reached over and lifted the victim out of his warm nest as easily as a woman could pick up an old slipper. The boy was carried to the door without a word, but his toes touching the floor, given a fly out on the walk, and, as he hurried around for a rock, the old janitor went back to his work, sighing:

"Dear me! but what is to become of the rising generation! When I was a boy of his age money couldn't have hired me

SESS. PER.	WARRANTEE NAMES.	TAXES.
80	George D Hess.	10 75
80	Robert Irwin.	16 31
80	Jeremiah Jackson.	25 42
80	James A Quigley.	10 75
120	Steven Stevenson.	24 99
MARION TOWNSHIP.		
66	William Albin.	4 20
66	William Canner.	2 70
66	Robert Irwin.	55 34
66	Jeremiah Jackson.	53 28
66	Robert Lewis.	3 52
66	J M McKinney.	3 73
66	Christ Rother.	22 53
66	John Deltz (owner).	4 30
66	William Elgman (owner).	16 14
66	A C Lower (owner).	5 52
66	I S Fain (owner).	6 42
66	John Zeigler (owner).	9 63
66	Simon Yarger.	5 52
66	Simon Yarger.	5 14
MILES TOWNSHIP.		
0	Robert Brady.	6 47
0	Hannah Brady.	3 17
0	Jane Brady.	3 00
0	William P Brady.	3 00
0	William P Brady.	4 33
0	James Black.	4 29
0	Abraham Bartlett.	6 38
0	George Calhoun.	6 38
0	John Cowden.	5 49
0	John Cowden.	5 49
0	William Cooper.	2 27
0	William Dowart.	6 41
0	John Darcy.	6 41
0	Joseph Feago.	4 80
0	Simon Graz.	3 92
0	Romert Hephart.	6 41
0	Robert Gray.	6 63
0	Thomas Grant.	7 13
0	John Hephart.	6 41
0	John Housel.	1 12
0	Peter Housel.	6 66
0	Abraham Hunter.	16 14
0	Jeremiah Jackson.	6 66
0	Richard Lake.	6 00
0	William Liles.	6 00
0	Samuel Parker.	6 59
0	William Parker.	6 59
0	Richard Parker.	5 94
0	Jeremiah Parker.	4 84
0	John Reese.	4 29
0	William Stedman.	1 81
0	Thomas Smith.	3 90
0	Abraham Scott.	3 90
0	Samuel Scott.	2 77
0	Robert Fagart.	1 77
0	Henry Tolland.	6 39
0	William Moore.	6 39
0	David Williams.	6 39
PATTON TOWNSHIP.		
0	Henry Gross.	5 56
PENN TOWNSHIP.		
130	Adam Rollner.	2 98
130	William Cook.	11 19
POTTER TOWNSHIP.		
0	William P Brady.	4 31
0	May Round.	3 92
111	William Canner.	2 70
111	George Foust.	1 50
0	H B Fulmer.	2 00
0	Edward Garfield.	6 42
0	William Garicus.	3 66
0	William Harrison.	7 02
0	John Kurbach.	3 30
0	Shires & Faison.	3 30
0	S R & Scott.	3 02
SPRING TOWNSHIP.		
41	William McLure.	29 38
0	John Burton.	5 84
0	Catherine Robinson.	9 45
0	Robert Robinson.	3 66
0	L Ehard Robinson.	3 66
0	Jasper Brooks (owner).	6 53
0	William Gordon (owner).	3 15
SNOW SHOE TOWNSHIP.		
0	Andrew Bayard.	129 80
133	William Bingham.	51 95
133	Felix Brunt.	51 95
133	David Carscadden.	49 40
133	David Carscadden.	49 40
133	David Carscadden.	49 40
133	Paul Cox.	51 95
133	Thomas Cuthbert.	51 95
133	Sharp Delaney.	51 95
133	George Clymer.	7 29
133	Samuel Dobson.	13 05
133	George Eddy.	29 04
133	James Fitzgibbon.	4 82
133	Robert Gray.	7 20
133	James T Hale.	49 95
133	Thomas Hawthorn.	51 95
133	John Pim.	51 95
133	William Lewis (lawyer).	51 95
133	Samuel Linn.	51 95
133	John Liggett.	42 35
133	J Z Long.	24 60
133	W P Maylan.	51 95
133	Edward Mayston.	51 95
133	James Mcmanus.	51 95
133	George Mead.	51 95
133	George Motterson.	51 95
133	N J Mitchell.	48 00
133	N J Mitchell.	49 07
133	Benjamin R Morgan.	29 04
133	Robert Morris.	51 95
133	John M Steele.	82 05
133	J P Norton.	17 77
133	George Parker.	29 04
133	Jeremiah Parker.	51 95
133	Hueb Pim.	43 20
133	John Pim.	43 20
133	Thomas L Shippin.	51 95
133	Edw & Scott.	29 04
133	John H T Pim.	29 04
133	Joseph Tomkins.	19 44
133	A S Valentine.	29 04
133	Richard Watson.	51 95
133	Moore Wharton.	51 95
133	Elizabeth Wharton.	51 95
133	Scouray Wharton.	51 95
133	Mary Wharton.	14 40
133	Francis West.	51 95
133	Benjamin West.	51 95
133	William H West.	29 0

PER.	WARRANTY NAMES.	TAXES.
102	Robert Rainey	36 10
103	Thomas Leach	112 18
103	Christian Rohrer	16 90
47	Jacob Rush	63 18
103	Benjamin in Rush	73 18
103	Casper Shadner	67 60
103	Andrew Shenk	16 90
103	Christian Shenk	16 90
103	Michael Shenk	16 90
16	Jacob Steke	9 64
103	Robert Year	11 28
103	Mary Smith	11 28
07	George Slogar	6 60
153	John Stoner	66 20
	Andrew Scott	8 53
103	Joseph Stroud	10 90
103	Paul Suchman	66 60
164	John Such	67 60
	Barbara Snyder	63 74
103	George Slogar	tr act 2, 22 50
103	George Slogar	22 52
	John Nelson (owner)	23 76
103	George Slogar	67 60
43	John Weidman	19 02
116	Jacob Weidman	62 70
	Michael Weidman	62 70
	John Wells	4 60
	Paul Wells	13 00
	John Wilson	62 60
	William Wilson	15 69
103	William Wilson	112 74
106	William Wilson	24 48
TAYLOR TOWNSHIP.		
	George Ashutes	7 61
	Jacob Beek	92 00
	George Barkman	19 00
	Clement Beckwith	75 00
	William Beck	39 61
	J C Bell	7 62
	A M Elder	67 00
	Hugh Hamilton	15 50
103	Robert Koontman	62 60
103	Leslie Malone	65 60
	W W Montague	32 55
	Paul Montague	62 60
103	John McCombed	65 00
	Ridgway, Budd & Co, Contract	1, 18 46
	" " " " " " " "	18 46
	" " " " " " " "	tr act 8, 21 15
	" " " " " " " "	tr act 12, 22 50
	John Sherjek	10 00
	John W Thomas	63 00
	John W Thomas	21 84
	John W Thomas	28 81
	J W Thomas	10 00
	George Coulter (owner)	10 00
	Michael Weidner	25 00
	Michael Weidner	25 00
	Joseph Yeager	15 00
UNION TOWNSHIP.		
	Ebenezer Brenham	39 87
WALKER TOWNSHIP.		
	Robert Aschen	2 04
	Robert & John Baker	7 61
129	Robert Barkman	9 94
100	Ruth Brooks	20 04
100	Mary Currier	6 30
100	Maraged Daugherty	6 30
100	Elizabeth Daugherty	4 05
39	Joseph Evans	2 25
44	William Lockert	10 74
1	Peter Hahn	4 74
2	Ebenezer Hahn	1 47
2	William Hahn	1 47
39	Ebenezer James	1 02
155	Edward James	4 86
100	Pavid Johnston	1 02
1	John Knox	7 24
167	William Macrell	7 37
94	John Macrell	21 84
100	David Mercer	7 34
44	William Miller	8 07
40	Capt Osmun	1 02
40	Job Packer	1 52
40	John Packer, Jr.	1 52
40	Richard Purdon	2 25
40	John Purdon	8 10
40	subury	3 15 p.m.
40	Williams	7 30 p.m.
40	Richard Robinson	7 80
40	R Robison	9 00
75	Charles Bohrer	2 40
40	David Suter	8 62
40	H Duck, Sr. (owner)	3 56
40	Robert Wilson	2 40
WORTH TOWNSHIP.		
	Robert Campbell	2 40
	J B Gray	2 40
	Willard Morris	2 40
	William Morris, Jr.	2 40
	Jonathan Lard (owner)	9 60
	M & J Spotts (owner)	16 70
	D. C. Keller,	Treasurer.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Div.

WINTER TIME TABLE.

On and after MONDAY, Dec 19th, 1881, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL	leaves Philadelphia	11 55 p.m.
" "	" Harrisburg	4 25 a.m.
" "	" Lancaster	4 40 a.m.
" "	" Lock Haven	4 40 a.m.
" "	" Williamsport	5 00 a.m.
" "	" Renovo	5 15 a.m.
" "	" " " "	5 45 p.m.
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves Philadelphia	12 15 p.m.
" "	" Harrisburg	12 15 p.m.
" "	" subury	1 50 p.m.
" "	" Williamsport	3 15 p.m.
" "	" subury	3 15 p.m.
" "	" Renovo	5 30 p.m.
FAST LINE	leaves Philadelphia	11 20 a.m.
" "	" Harrisburg	3 05 p.m.
" "	" Williamsport	7 10 p.m.
" "	" Williamsport	8 10 p.m.

EASTWARD.

LOCK HAVEN EX.	leaves Lock Haven	7 50 a.m.
" "	" Williamsport	9 05 a.m.
" "	" subury	10 50 a.m.
" "	" Philadelphia	12 15 p.m.
FAST LINE	leaves Cananahua	7 05 a.m.
" "	" Harrisburg	12 15 p.m.
" "	" Elmira	9 30 p.m.
" "	" Williamsport	12 15 a.m.
" "	" subury	10 50 a.m.
" "	" Philadelphia	3 25 a.m.
DAY EXPRESS	leaves Philadelphia	7 05 a.m.
" "	" Renovo	10 05 a.m.
" "	" Lock Haven	11 15 a.m

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Roofs, &c., from the famous SLATE QUARRIES OF SLATINTON, LEHIGH CO., PENNA.

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and will sell them lower than any Party. In the state
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PIANO, ORGAN OR S

will pay you to write us for prices. We also carry

A Good Brussels Carpet

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and Decorated French China, Silver
Chandeliers
well worth your inspection. Our sales exceed the

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them as low as in Philadelphia or
New York. If they don't suit you
you can return them and get your
money back. First rate goods at
low prices is my motto.

JACOB KAMP.

To Country dealers, I
will sell at wholesale pri-
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R. DYE'S ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELTS
and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES TO MEN suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY AND OTHER UNDESIRABLE TROUBLES. ALSO FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, AND MANY OTHER AFFECTIONS. SPEEDY CURES GUARANTEED. Illustrated pamphlet free. Address

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LOCK HAVEN.

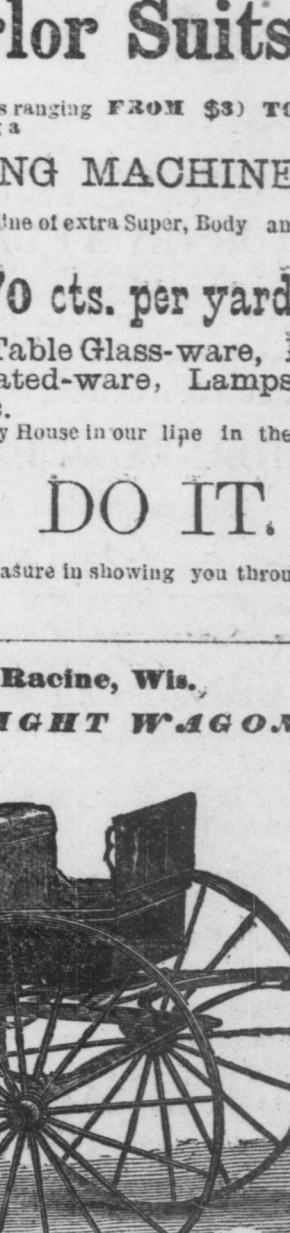
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Fishing Goods, &c.
The collection, consisting in part of Rich and
the best Designs
in Ivory and Ebony. We make a
Parlor Suits,
Prices ranging FROM \$30 TO \$500.
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SEWING MACHINE,
at a large line of extra Super, Body and Tap-
carpets
at 70 cts. per yard.
Covered Table Glass-ware, Plain
or Plated-ware, Lamps and
Accessories, &c.
See of any House in our line in the state
LET US DO IT.

Take pleasure in showing you through our

CO., Racine, Wis.,
FREIGHT WAGONS.



STORM SPRING WAGON.
Side-Spring Buggies.
only the very best stock used in its con-
struction. The Spring Wagon and Buggy De-
signs are made for the manufacture of this class of
vehicles and illustrated Price List.

LEWIS & CO., Racine, Wis.

Local Department.

—Snook's brick makers have begun work.

—Wm. Mauck has built a first class stable. Good for Willyum.

—Mr. Henry Brown is building a new smithy, on the site where the old pottery stood.

—On Sunday evening and night the sky was illuminated by bright rays of the northern light.

—Dr. Stam is busy repairing his property. He intends to give it a complete overhauling and make it look like new.

—Last week everybody was out of humor over the cold raw weather, but the weather just kept on cold and raw all the same to the end of the week.

—On Monday morning Miss Strohm's school commenced. Are you sending your children, or do you prefer to have them run the street?

—B. F. Miller and John W. Luse are painting Adolph Miller's house. That's right, boys; and now that you have begun better paint up the whole town.

PHOSPHATE.—John H. Musser keeps constantly on hand at Coburn Station a superior quality of phosphate, which he sells in large or small quantities at most reasonable prices.

—Some of our exchanges say that there will be a total eclipse of the sun on the 27th of May, but fail to state that it will not be visible in any part of the United States. Give the whole truth brethren.

—Mr. A. G. Kreamer, the Mercantile Appraiser, was around last week assessing our merchants. Mr. Kreamer is a competent officer, a gentleman, and one of the leading democrats of Walker township.

—If you find a little paper in your JOURNAL on which the amount due is written, you would confer a real favor by sending it at once. Printers need a little money sometimes, just like the most of mankind.

—J. A. Lambert, the mail contractor on the route between Coburn and Woodward, is prepared to carry express packages and other goods to all points along the route at reasonable charges. All business entrusted to him will be punctually attended to.

WANTED.—The undersigned wishes to secure a man who will either rent his blacksmith shop, two miles west of Woodward, and carry on the business, or work for him as a hand. For particulars apply to
J. M. WEAVER.

—Mr. Solomon Ettinger left a real curiosity in our sanctum last week in the shape of a petrified potato. It comes from the "ould country" and looks just like any other later. Solomon is importing potatoes from Ireland in large quantities.

—A fine line of Family Bibles, Presentation Bibles, Photograph Albums, Velvet Frames, French Vases, Beautiful Scrap Pictures, Paper Boxes, and a great variety of Fancy Goods generally Splendid S. School, Day School and Visiting and other Cards—all very cheap, at the Journal Store.

—Chamber Suits, Parlor Suits, Lounges, Chairs, Tables, or any other articles in the furniture line, of the latest style, best make and lowest price, at Camp's Furniture store, Centre Hall.

WILL NOT REACH.—We made the sad discovery the other day that our potatoes will not quite hold out until the season for new ones comes. Now, if a word to the wise is sufficient, several words to the benevolent and merciful ought also to be sufficient to bring forth several bushels of the needful. Who will respond to our call?

—The Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Central Pennsylvania will meet at Aaronburg, Tuesday evening May 2nd, closing with a public missionary meeting on Wednesday evening, when an address will be delivered by Rev. J. W. Goodlin, Secretary of the Board of Missions. All are invited to attend.

—The undersigned will offer at private sale, between now and the 1st of May, the following personal property, to wit:
1 "New Jasper" heater, with fixtures;
1 "Flora" range, in good condition;
1 Child's crib, as good as new; 1 buggy harness & fly-net; 2 horse blankets, one of which is gum; 1 strap of sleigh-bells; 1 pitch-fork, long-handled, good as new; 1 wood saw, buffalo robe.

Persons who will have need for articles of above description, either now or next Fall, will find here a good chance to buy at a low figure. Call & see, at Reformed parsonage, Aaronburg, Pa.
C. W. E. SIEGEL.

—The rush at Lewin's Philadelphia Branch Clothing Store, Bellefonte, continues unabated, out Lewin is not the man to permit his stock to go down, if his prices are down to the very lowest figure. Hold up in buying your spring supplies. You will go to Bellefonte some time before long, and then you can call at Lewin's and be suited exactly. That's your best way.

A BUSY PLACE.—One of the busiest places in Penna Valley is the MILLHEIM MARBLE WORKS. Fine monuments and elegant head stones are made in the best style of the art and in quick succession. The establishment has earned a reputation for good work and fair dealings second to none in this part of the state, and has a wide spread and increasing patronage.

CLEAN UP.—At this season of the year, more than at any other, there should be complete and thorough cleaning up in and around every household. Health and comfort both demand it. The house should be cleansed and well ventilated from garret to cellar—especially the latter. The accumulated foulness of the winter should be driven out. A small flame fire will do it effectively. The garden, yard, out-houses and all should have proper attention. Cesspools should be abated, ash piles removed, fences whitewashed, rubbish of all kinds removed. In short everything unsightly as well as everything unhealthy should be done away with as soon as the weather is favorable for such work. Think of it—do it—it may save you a doctor's bill. It will certainly be no small source of satisfaction and happiness to yourself and family.

—The shoe store of Doll & Mingle is one of the most substantial business houses in Bellefonte, if not one of the largest. Both partners are practical shoemakers as well as men of strict integrity and excellent business qualifications. You can go to their store with the full assurance that they will deal with you fairly and squarely, and that all they represent respecting their goods is fully substantiated by the facts. Just try them to see how well you will be pleased.

The Lewisburg papers are jubilant over the new rail road, and they have reason to be. In speaking on the matter the Journal says:

Every present indication points to the speedy pushing to completion of the railroad. The engineers have rented an office in A. M. Lawshe's building, this place and they have been taking surveys for the new road in our borough and along the line between West Milton and Blue Hill. They have doubtless fixed upon the line that will be adopted, but have not yet made it public. As soon as the line is located thousands of men will at once be placed at work and there will be a busy time in this section the balance of the year. The largest job before the railroad company will be no doubt the bridge at Sunbury. We are told it is to be an iron one.

It is almost certain that the L. & T. Co., will at once have their road completed to Tyrone, and the business on that line will be increased.

We hope the prediction concerning the completion of our own road may prove correct. Penna Valley should by all means have a western rail road outlet.

THE ROYCE REAPER.—I hereby make known to the farmers of Centre county that I intend as heretofore to ship reapers on trial to all who wish to buy. I ask no one to sign any contract but all will have a fair trial before buying. The Royce must stand or fall on its own merits. For simplicity of construction, lightness of draft, ease of management and efficiency of work it stands unrivaled. For further information I respectfully refer to men who have used it—Jacob Kerstetter, Daniel E. Gentzel, Jacob J. Gentzel, Coburn Post Office, and others.

Apply to
LEWEL CAMPBELL
Sunbury, Pa., or
W. L. BRIGHT J. H. MUSSER, solicitors
Aaronburg, Pa.

—The following is considered the premium "exemption" note out. It is in use in Iowa and perhaps other western parts, and it is to be hoped that it may confine itself to that section:

\$100. Dubuque, Iowa, Jan 1st, 1882.
One year after date I promise to pay to the order of John Doe, one Thousand Dollars without abatement for value received. Without relief from appraisement, stay or exemption laws, and in case suit is instituted for its collection, anything and everything in my possession can be levied upon and be sold, including the last suit of clothes, the school books and food for my children, with the coffin or coffins any of the family may be buried in; and in case that every article is sold and there remains anything due on the note, I agree that the services of myself and family be sold until the demands of that note are satisfied. And I further agree that in case suit is instituted for its collection, to pay reasonable attorney fees, together with board bills, hack hire, saloon bills and other miscellaneous expenses for him-elf and near relatives while suit is pending. And I further agree to live on corn bread and sorghum molasses until the demands of this note are satisfied with interest at the rate of ten per cent from date, payable annually.

ANOTHER MURDER IN CLEARFIELD COUNTY.—The other Saturday evening a fatal stabbing affray occurred in Du Bois, Clearfield county. Two miners, Harrington and Overand, jointly occupied a shanty near the colliery of Bell, Lewis & Yates. In the latter part of February they had a brawl, in which Harrington was knocked senseless by Overand; after this the latter left the "shanty" and boarded elsewhere; but on Saturday afternoon last, about 5 o'clock he again called at the "shanty" and Harrington refused him admittance. Both, it is said, were steeped in liquor. A fight ensued, which ended by Harrington (who was inside of the "shanty") and claimed right of possession) stabbing Overand with a miner's tamping needle, an instrument from four to five feet long, made of steel three-eighths to one half an inch in thickness and tapering to a point, as a needle, and hence its name. The instrument entered according to post mortem examination, the heart, one inch above its base, causing instant death.

Harrington was taken to Clearfield and lodged in jail on Monday evening by the Du Bois Constable.

Superstition in Snyder County. James Middlewarth, esq., justice of the peace at Troxville, Snyder county, writes to detective Lyon, of Reading, that "last Sunday Joseph Moyer and a few others opened the grave of Jonathan Moyer and exhumed the body to see if he was really dead or not. Some of Jonathan's friends have been laboring under a delusion that he was not dead when he was buried. The coffin was opened, and it is said, the face of the dead man looked as natural as when in full health and life. The only discoloration visible was reported to have been along his brow. The murder business is quiet, though Mr. Edmonds still goes about harping upon his ideas among the different congregations where he preaches. His conduct is turning his friends even against him, and he will only lose the respect of law-abiding citizens."

Above item which we clip from the Harrisburg Patriot, is intended to throw a bad but very unclear light upon Rev. Edmonds, who is well known here. Just what the ideas are that he is "harping" upon, or what connection or bearing they have on the Kintzler murder, does not appear. The friends of Mr. Edmonds here must wait on more light.

News Miscellany.

The consolidation of the cities of New York and Brooklyn is being agitated. This would make a city of 2,000,000 inhabitants and place it second on the list of the largest cities of the world.

The Pennsylvania railroad company are making arrangements to build a new depot at Harrisburg. It will be eight hundred feet long, and will be surrounded with a garden, in which will be fountains, shrubbery, &c.

Jay Gould has rail road and other stock representing \$54,000,000, which yields him an income of \$3,240,000 a year; \$270,000 a month, \$9,000 a day, \$375 an hour, \$25 a minute and over \$1 each second. He ought to be able to make an honest living.

Mr. Vanderbilt appears to be making money in some of his little outside speculations. It is said he owns \$61,000,000 of Government bonds, bought within the last two years. During that time these bonds have advanced ten per cent in price and he has received eight per cent interest, or an increase to Mr. Vanderbilt's fortune of eleven millions of dollars.

Burned to Death While Asleep.

MILLFORD, April 10.—Mrs. William Davenport, of Montague township, Sussex county, N. J., was burned to death yesterday. She was sitting asleep in front of the fire place, where her clothes were ignited and when found her body was burned so terribly as to be scarcely recognizable. She was 25 years of age and leaves one small child.

The second annual convention of the State Constitution Amendment Association will be held in Huntingdon on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 9 and 10. The call, which is signed by Ex-Chief Justice Agnew, invites all auxiliary Constitutional Amendment Associations, Women's Christian Temperance Unions, Temples of Honor, Royal Templars and other temperance societies to send delegates.

A Georgia Story of a Silver Dollar.

From the Sandersville Mercury. Mrs. Wicker, when a girl twelve years old, was kicked in the forehead by a horse, fracturing her skull, and her physicians took an old Spanish dollar and cut it and put one-half over the fracture, which she carries to this day. The other half was either misplaced or lost and was never found until a few days ago, when Mr. Great Wiggins, who occupies the house now, was having the door-facing repaired, the workmen came across it stored away behind the old facing, where it has been for seventy-two years. Mrs. Wicker is still living and in good health, and is about eighty-four years old.

A Man Dies After He is Buried.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., April 10.—The brother of James Gilliland, who was buried two weeks ago, came from a distance and had the body exhumed this morning and found that it bore evidences of having been buried alive. The body was turned on one side and the face scratched from evident struggling.

A Baby Clutches a Wildcat's Tail.

From the Helena Herald. An almost famished wildcat a few days ago appeared in the midst of a flock of sheep in the valley near Big Hole, M. T., and selected a fine lamb from the flock. The owner of the sheep was attracted to the scene by the noise of his dog. He found the cat busy devouring the lamb and his little three-year-old son clutching the tail of the cat, attempting to pull it off, and the dog barking and scampering around it. He soon removed his little boy from his perilous position and dispatched the wildcat with his rifle.

A PREACHER'S PLAIN WORDS.—That was a pleasant way in which a newly settled Methodist minister disarmed the criticism of the people in the congregation to which he had been sent. Instead of getting angry about it, or complaining that they had hurt his feelings, he remarked from the pulpit: "I hear that you say I am not much of a preacher; well, I know it; and I know that if I could preach first rate I would not have been sent here to preach to such a lot of ignoramuses as you." The church folks were struck with a new sense of the fitness of things as regulated by the admirable machinery of Methodism for adapting means to ends.

William Tells of the Eastern Shore.

From the Centerville Record. There are two young men residing in the lower part of Queen Anne's county, near Winchester, who practice the test that was required of the renowned and historical Swiss, William Tell, viz., to shoot an apple from the head of his son. These young gentlemen practice their pastime almost daily, without compulsion and with ease and certainty. The weapons used are pistols and the distance from ten to fifteen paces. We are informed that these young marksmen will place upon the head of one an apple, orange or ball and permit the other to shoot at it with impunity and that the object is seldom missed. When the first who shoots is tired the other will take a turn, and neither evinces the least fear.

A Betrayer Shot by his Victim.

SPECIAL DISPATCH to the Times. PITTSBURGH, April 10.—While James McCue was at work at a South Side planing mill this afternoon Elizabeth McCue, who is not related to him, approached him and said: "What are you going to do about this?" "What do you think?" he answered. "I know what I will do," said Miss McCue, and she drew a revolver from under her shawl and fired. The ball entered James' left breast, on a line with the lung. He ran and she fired a second time, but missed him. He told an officer he had been shot and while talking Miss McCue approached and the three went to a physician's office. James will probably die. Elizabeth is a pretty seamstress. Some months ago she left the city for a sad cause and upon her return sent for James to come and marry her. He refused and she decided to kill him. She is now in jail, awaiting the result of his injuries.

The Customer who is always Short.

There is still another class of customers that it may be well to speak of. This class never pick up anything in the store, but they frequently fall a few cents short of having money enough to pay for what they purchase. If, when they come in again, they are reminded by the storekeeper of it, they are very apt to go off in a huff, and pronounce Mr. Blank the meanest man they ever knew, because he actually dunned them for five or ten cents; and yet that five or ten cents may be more than his profit amounts to on the article. A law suit in this city recently revealed the fact that some years ago there was a man living here who, although quite wealthy, was exceedingly penurious. He was a daily customer at a certain store, and always managed to be from three to ten cents short of the amount to pay his bill. The storekeeper asked him several times for the small amounts that were due, but he always had some excuse for not settling. The merchant finally procured a book in which were entered the articles this man purchased, the date, and the amount he fell short. This was continued for some two or three years, when the customer died and the storekeeper presented his claim, which amounted to nearly one hundred dollars, to the executors, and recovered every dollar.—Ez.

MARRIED.

On the 9th inst., at the Lutheran Parsonage, Rebersburg, by Rev. A. K. Zimmerman, Mr. Charles F. Wolf, of Booneville, Clinton county, and Miss Sarah J. Tyson, of Zelleville, Clinton county.

DIED.

On the 31st ult., in West Buffalo township, Union county, Pa., Mr. Jacob Lohr, aged 73 years, 5 months and 21 days. Mr. Lohr was for many years a much respected citizen of Gregg township, this county.

Millheim Market.	
Corrected every Wednesday by Gephart & Musser.	
Wheat	1.35
Corn	.85
Rye	.90
Oats White	.50
Barley	1.35
Flour	6.50
Bran & shorts, per ton	25.00
Soft, per 100 lbs.	1.75
Plaster, ground	9.00
Cement, per Bushel	45.10
Barley	2.00
Flaxseed	4.00 to 5.00
Chowdered	.32
Butter	.75
Hams	.9
Sides	.8
Veal	.14
Pork	1.10
Eggs	.12
Potatoes	.6
Lard	.6
Tallow	.3
Soap	.3
Dried Apples	.3
Dried Peaches	.3
Dried Cherries	.3

COAL MARKET AT COBURN.
Egg Coal \$5.00
Stove " 5.20
Chestnut 4.80
Pew 3.50
Pea by the car load 3.20
Fifty cents per ton additional when delivered in Millheim.

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A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited.

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DISHES, PLAIN & FANCY FLOW-
ER POTTS, STOVE COLLARS, &c.
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hope to merit the patronage of
the public by good work and
moderate prices. Please
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furniture. You can
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anywhere else.

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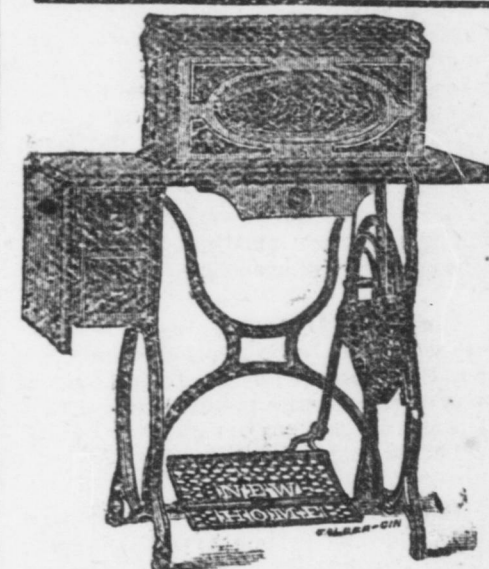
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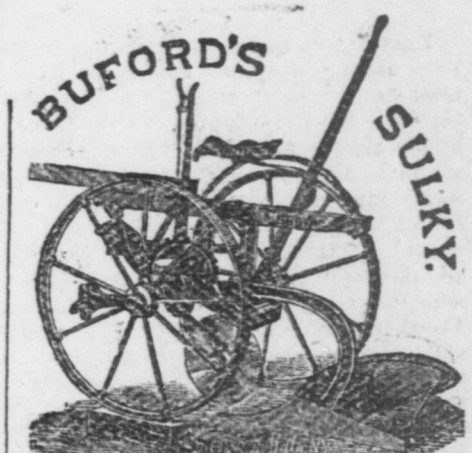
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